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PRICE TEN CENTS.

PUCK



SAINT SAM AND THE DRAGON.

A Challenge to that Greatest of Public Enemies, the Disease-breeding Fly.



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PUCK
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Lowering the Presidency to the Level of the Prize-Ring.

WHEN Dickens came to America for the first time, in the early Forties, he found a lot to satirize and ridicule in American public life, and he made a good many enemies by doing so. Let us be sorry that Dickens is not alive to-day to visit America again, and describe in the same vein the latest thing in American politics, a war of words and accusations between the President of the United States and the only living ex-President. In what he said of some American traits in "Martin Chuzzlewit" Dickens was accused of exaggeration; but no foreign writer, coming here now for impressions, could be charged with exaggerating if he handled the present amazing spectacle in American politics as Dickens did the failings and foibles of the Forties. It is to be hoped that some foreign writer, with a pitiless pen and a sense of humor, will rise to the occasion. He would be rendering the United States a genuine service if, by the force of satire and ridicule, he might impress the American people with the importance of making such spectacles impossible in future, and that before another Presidential year rolls around. The way is plain; but the motive power must be supplied by public sentiment. All talk of a Diaz-like despotism, government by "the man on horseback," all the agitation about the third term, all the political jockeying for position which precedes a nomination for a second term, and which in one form or another occupies a good part of the four years which ought to be devoted exclusively and with becoming dignity to the duties of office and non-partisan public service—all these would

disappear in the event of an amendment to the Constitution extending the term of the President to six years and making him ineligible for renomination. Such an amendment is proposed. It ought to be adopted before 1916. American self-respect should compel it, for it is not a question of the present alone. With direct primaries in operation, the spectacle provided by the President and Colonel Roosevelt

this spring may be duplicated every four years, and with increasing bitterness and acrimony. Let the people of the United States save the high office of the Presidency from such a bedraggled fate. With a six-year term to fill, and renomination prohibited by law, the President of the United States would be free to be President. As it stands now, he is not. Scarcely in the White House, at the beginning of his first term, he is obliged by political precedent to consider his "boom" for a second. Once in the whirl, and surrounded by professional politicians who cling to his official skirts, even a President like Taft, to whom the scramble of practical politics was said to be distasteful, was helpless. The question of "vindication" as expressed by a renomination had to be answered. If renominations were prohibited



BELITTLED!

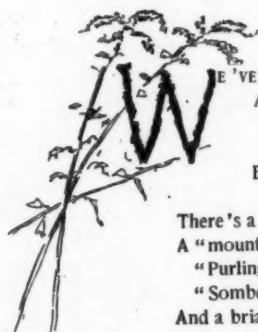
THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR AFTER ROOSEVELT AND TAFT GET THROUGH WITH IT.

a President would seek his vindication through the goodwill of the people, through the consciousness of duty well done, and through undivided attention to the grave responsibilities of the Presidency, rather than through the devious channels of political wire-pulling, stump-speeches, and partisan political conventions.



VIRTUE'S REWARD.

HER DOTING PA.—I thought you'd be more pleased with your Commencement gown, when it cost so much money, Marjorie?
MARJORIE.—Why, papa, I won't get half as much attention as the girl who made her own dress at a cost of \$2.50.



"DIPPY DELL."

WE'VE arranged to spend a week at "Dippy Dell"
At "The Mountain View and Riverside Hotel,"
For unless the booklets err
We are ready to concur—
Even Heaven won't delight us half as well.

There's a "liquid depth" to every "limpid" lake,
A "mountain trail" whichever path you take;
"Purling brooks" are always "brawling,"
"Somber shadows ever falling,"
And a briar-patch becomes a "tangled brake."

The "Loch" is sure to "dimple" at the "Dell,"
And in season every pasture lot's a "fell;"
Every "rocky height" that "towers"
Surely "carpeted with flowers,"
And it's here that "Nature weaves her magic spell."

Here the "rugged pines" are patiently inclined
To the "soughing of the balsam-scented wind,"
And for foliage in the Fall
They are using none at all
But the "gorgeous, crimson, golden-yellow" kind.

So, from what the summer booklets seem to tell,—
And we've followed up the subject fairly well,—
Neither Cashmere's Sacred Vale,
Nor the Veiled Khorassan's tale
Has a single point the best of "Dippy Dell."

Frank Hill Phillips.

IF SAMSON HAD BEEN A VEGETARIAN.

BREAKFASTED on two quarts of milk and a gallon of wild honey.
Locusts looked good, but I firmly declined them.
Went out and chased the enemy thirty
miles, wrestled with a bear, and choked a
tawny-maned lion to death.

Lunched on one tame prune and
two wild olives. Also drank copiously
from a running stream. The village
Wise Guy, who calls himself a prophet,
says that there is lots of animal life we
can't see in water, but I think he's a liar.

Spent the afternoon killing a thou-
sand men with the jawbone of an ass,
and came home with a sore salary-wing.

Had a lot more milk and honey
and some cracked corn for supper. Am
told that wild oats are very fine for a
time, but have no desire to try them.

Spent the evening combing my
hair, which was in a bad way, what
with burdocks and sticktights.

Drank a big cup of orange-juice be-
fore retiring. Feeling bully, and hope
all this yellow food won't make me show
the white feather.

Roy R. Atkinson.



WHAT HURTS.

Satan, cast out of Heaven, fell for
nine days continuously, so that when
at length he struck it was with one
of the dulllest, most sickening thuds
told in the literature of catastrophe.
"However," he exclaimed, jump-
ing at once to his feet, "it does n't
hurt as much as being taken up by
the newspapers and then dropped
all of a sudden!"

WOMEN are more truly religious than
men. For proof of this statement
look at the way they kiss their enemies.

If we could only see ourselves as others see us, many people would simply
refuse to believe their eyes.



What's What in Washington.



POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE IN THE BIG GAME OF POLITICS.

It's always the rule that when the little buzzer in the private elevator on the Senate side of the Capitol—that is reserved for Senators, members of their families, and newspaper correspondents—buzzes three times in quick succession, the elevator conductor shall realize that a Senator wants a ride and must have it quickly. The Senator has the right-of-way to the floor he desires to reach, and takes precedence over all other passengers. Should the elevator be upward bound beyond the second floor, and the first-floor button is pressed three times by Senatorial fingers, the conductor stops his car forthwith and goes down to answer the mystic signal regardless of whether there are a dozen people aboard who want to reach the gallery floor in haste. The elevator men are furthermore under orders to pass up any outsider who avails himself of the Senatorial ring.

A Senate elevator was going up the other day, and had passed the second floor, when the Senatorial signal came from the subway floor. The conductor reversed the controller and shot the lift basementward. Standing at the subway door was a stranger, bewhiskered and wearing a broad-rimmed hat. The elevator man refused to take the prospective passenger aboard. Three buzzes came again from the cellar. The elevator darted down again and started up in a moment. This happened three times, when the elevator conductor paid a hurried visit to the basement and advised the man at the buzzer that so long as he persisted in ringing three times in rapid succession he could not ride. "I'll advise you to cut that comedy," the elevator man said to the man in the sombrero. "This elevator is for Senators, members of their families, and the newspaper men. You're not a Senator; you don't look like you belonged to a Congressman's family, and I know by your make-up you aren't a reporter. Unless you have special business with some one connected with the Senate you had better beat it over to one of the other lifts. Anyhow, cut out those three rings. I don't want to tell you about it again."

"I am Senator Fall of New Mexico," explained the stranger. "I was sworn in yesterday. And I guess I'll ride with you." He did.

REPRESENTATIVE James Mann of Chicago, minority leader, received a letter from one of his constituents the other day which ran: "Please send me five more packages of free garden-seeds, and twice that number if you can spare them. They make swell chicken-feed."

SENATOR Joseph M. Dixon of Missoula, Mont., commander-in-chief of the Roosevelt campaign forces, requires little sleep. He seldom turns in until two A.M., and he arises promptly—without being called—at seven. "Of course, individuals vary," said Senator Dixon, "and what is good for one man won't do at all for another, especially these busy campaign days, and I find that five hours' rest in every twenty-four is sufficient for me. It's different with my friend Billy McKinley, who is managing the Taft headquarters. I set such a

fast pace for him during the day that it wears him out to try to keep up, and so he is one who needs and gets lots of sleep, I am told. I'll hand him a few eye-openers, though, before the Chicago Convention. If you don't believe it, just wait and see."

DURING the recent consideration in the Senate of the "phossy jaw" bill which places a prohibitive tax on white phosphorus, one of the principal ingredients used in manufacturing matches, Senator Martine of New Jersey spoke fervently in favor of the measure.

"Phossy Jaw in the Senate." "I am very anxious that this bill pass," urged the Senator, "because men and women who work with this poisonous substance—white phosphorus—often contract a loathsome disease that attacks the jawbones in their faces." The galleries tittered when Senator Martine referred to "the jawbones in their faces," but they quieted down temporarily until, continuing his remarks, Mr. Martine said that he had recently read an article in a popular magazine "under the nom de plume of 'Matches and Men.'" After that uproar Vice-President Sherman had to pound for order and advise the spectators that any demonstration on their part was prohibited by an ironclad rule of the Senate.

Soon after the junior Senator from New Jersey took his seat, Senator Joe Bailey of Texas, who opposed the bill vehemently because, he contended, its purpose was to use the taxing power of the Government to drive certain industries out of business, said: "Jessica, the daughter of Shylock, in Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venice,' eloped with the Moor of Venice." The galleries were again unruly, and for the second time within half an hour the presiding officer's gavel worked like a riveting-hammer.

The remarks of both Senators were corrected before they appeared in the *Congressional Record* the next morning.

THERE are at least three things that characterize Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas, oftentimes referred to as the "Short-combed Rooster of the Ozarks." He abhors automobiles and dress-suits. He is an incessant tobacco-chewer. He "slicks down" his hair with vaseline and wears a full-dress vest on all occasions.

"Funny about Jeff," said one of the friends of the Arkansas Senator in discussing a few of his personal traits. "I have tried time and again to get him to climb into a dress-suit, but he won't do it any more than he will ride in a taxicab. He simply can't stand for either one. And the strange thing about him is that he persists in wearing a low-cut 'weskit' with his frock-coat at all times. I asked him the other day why his hair always looked so nice and shiny, and he confided to me that he kept it lubricated with vaseline."

A ten-cent plug of tobacco ordinarily will last Senator Davis eight hours. It's almost sure to if he does not divide it with some of his friends on the Democratic side of the aisle.

SENATOR Thomas B. Catron of New Mexico has presented a handsome Navajo blanket to each of the twelve members of the Senate Committee on Territories. "From one good Indian to another," was the legend on the visiting-card of Mr. Catron that accompanied each of the bundles.

E. A. HAYES, Representative from the fifth California district, owns a big prune ranch on the western slope, and because of that fact he is known as "The Boarding-house Keepers' Friend."

by his closer intimates. Not long ago he called at the White House to have a conference with the President, and although he usually gets a little piqued when he is referred to as "The Boarding-house Keepers' Friend," Mr. Hayes smiled broadly when Mr. Taft

applied the nickname to him in welcoming him into his private office.

"I had no idea that President Taft was onto the nickname the boys back home have given me," he explained afterward. "It's all right, though, coming from Taft, for he may call me anything he has a mind to. But that don't go with any one else. If the boys don't quit kidding me about that prune ranch of mine, I've a mind to sell it."

NOT NARROW.

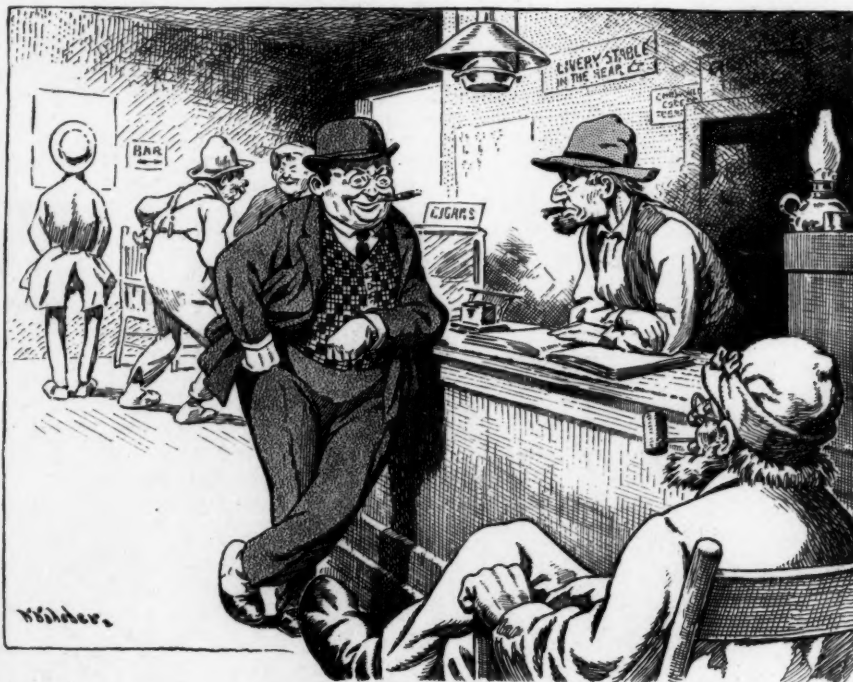
VISITOR.—Then you're not a hide-bound Republican?

UNCLE EBEN.—No, indeed. I'm not a bit narrow. I'm liberal. I'm a Republican, of course, but if the crops ain't no better this year than they were last I'll flop.

HOW SHE KNEW.

MRS. COMMUTER.—But how do you know what kind of people the Browns are if you have never met them?

MRS. MUTLER.—I have heard their phonograph selections.

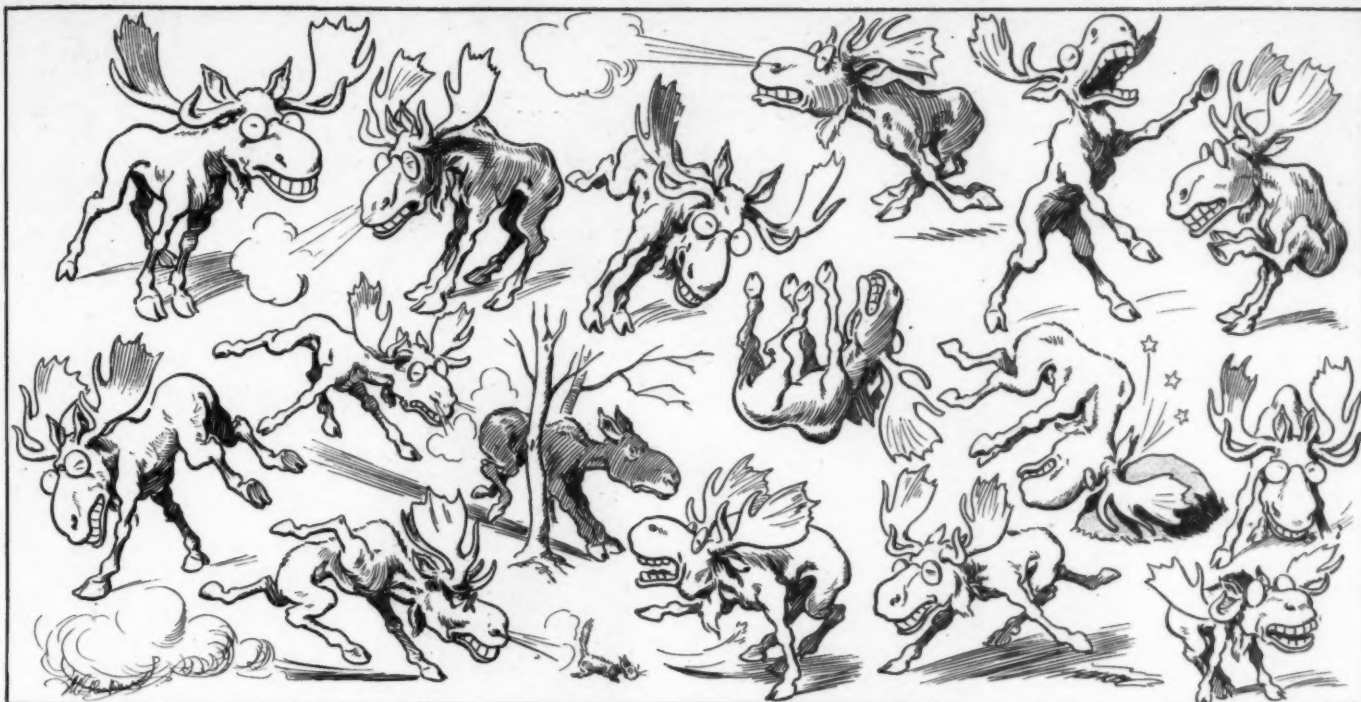


THE LOCAL SENTIMENT.

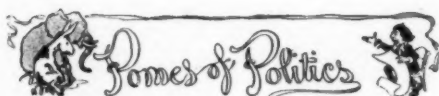
"How is the Taft sentiment here?" inquired the recently-arrived stranger.

"Well, a poll of the postmaster was taken the other day," judicially replied the landlord of the Skeedee tavern, "and he was found practically unanimous for Taft!"

There is often a marked difference between a good business man and a good business man.



IF A BULL MOOSE FELT LIKE TEDDY.



PINCHOT, PERKINS, AND TED.

PINCHOT, Perkins, and Ted one night
Sailed off in an old felt hat,
Sailed on a river of calcium light,
Out to the Sea of Spat.
"Where are you going, and what do
you wish?"

The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for Convention fish
That live in this turbulent sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Pinchot,
Perkins,
And Ted.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the old felt hat,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the Sea of Spat.

The delegates were the scrappy fish
That lived in that turbulent sea—

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afraid are we!"

So cried the fish to the anglers three:

Pinchot,
Perkins,
And Ted.

All night long at their nets they sat
And fished in the sizzling foam—

Then, full to the bends, came the old felt hat,
Bringing the delegates home.

'Twas all so bully a jaunt it seemed

As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 't was a dream they
dreamed

Of sailing that turbulent sea—

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Pinchot,
Perkins,
And Ted.

Pinchot and Perkins are persons with Dough,
And Ted is a would-be King;
And the old felt hat which helped them so
Is the lid he threw in the ring.

So shut your eyes while mother croons
Of the row in the G. O. P.,
Of delegates, and other tunes
Of that scrappy, spatty sea,
Where the old hat rocked the fishermen three:

Pinchot,
Perkins,
And Ted.

Nearly all Eugene Field.

ANSWERED.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—What did
Abraham call the "Battle of the Seven
Kings"?

WILLIE BACKROW.—A misdeal, I guess.



JUST THE THING.

"Oh, Jack, I just must have a new dress for
Muriel's garden-party!"

"Dress, dress! Nothing but dress—have n't
you a mind for anything higher than dress?"

"Higher? Yes, I need a new hat!"

THE TALE THE ADS TOLD.

BIRTHS.

KASS—Born on April 1, 1890, to Mr. and Mrs.
J. A. Kass (*née* Hazel Nutt) a son, Jack Kass.

FOR ADOPTION.

FULL SURRENDER—Healthy boy, slightly
weak-minded. Address J. A. KASS, "Star"
Office.

PROFESSIONAL SITUATION WANTED.

TALENTED young amateur, 19, with some capital,
good appearance and wardrobe, desires engage-
ment with first-class theatrical company. Write
quick. **JACK KASS**, "Star" Office.

HELP WANTED.

CLEVER young actor wanted—non-professional
preferred—for important part with big production
starting *en route* immediately. Capital re-
quired. Salary \$50 per week. Call AT ONCE!
STRINGER O. STINGEM, Achelonger Building,
New York.

LOST.

ON SATURDAY, somewhere in Achelonger
Building, one wallet containing \$300, also
gold watch and chain, diamond pin, gold-
headed cane, fur overcoat, silver match-box,
silver cigar-case and cigar-cutter, silver card-
case. No reward except the heartfelt grati-
tude of **JACK KASS**, Millie's Hotel, No. 13.

PERSONAL.

MAZIE—Philly to-morrow, 10.45 A.M., at
the "rendezvous"—Weeney-weedie-weechie
—you know! Got him for three centuries and
a bunch of Tiffany junk. Am making quick
exit. Meet me sure. **S. O. S.**

MALE SITUATION WANTED.

YOUTH wants job at anything; would work
for room and board. Bright and willing.
Write **JACK KASS**, S. A. Hotel, Bowery.

Clive Newcome Harth.

LUCKY JOB.

JOB had his troubles, as we know,
For history tells us that,
But he never tried to see a show
Behind a woman's hat.

WHEN you hear a man declare that there
are as good fish in the sea as ever were
caught, it is an even gamble that he is n't get-
ting a blessed bite.

PUCK

WHILE THE PITCHER WINDS UP.

FROM Second Base: "Put 'er right over, big as a barn—he can't hit it."

From Right Field: "Make 'im hit it, ol' man; make 'im hit it."

From the Short-Stop: "'N other strike-out, ol' sport. This is a punkin."

From the Side-Lines: "Make 'im put it over. Wait fer a good one. Make 'im cut the plate."

From the Catcher, signaling for a straight ball: "Now one o' them curly ones under the chin. T'row it right at his pill."

From the Left-Field: "Ho! Ho! Here's an easy one. Toss it to 'im."

From the Bench: "'Way out o' the lot, Chimmie; 'way out o' the lot."

From Center Field: "Let 'im hit it this time—he can't knock it out o' the diamond."

From First Base: "Bat 'er down this way, ol' dub, an' watch me eat it."

From Third Base: "Cut the pan, ol' sport; cut the pan—they can't touch it in a t'ousand years."

From the Bleachers: "Right on the nose, Chimmie, right on the nose." "A nice clean single, bo, a nice clean single." "Hand 'im one of them fadeaways." "Move the fielders back 'bout a mile."

"A home-run, Chimmie, a home-run!"

"Bat 'er down to Shortstop—he can't never stop it." "Wait fer a base on balls, ol' man—the pitcher's wild." "Knock the cover off'n it." "Kill it! Kill it!" "Here's five dollars, me boy, for a home-run." "Make 'em be good, ol' scout, make 'em be good."

Then from the Umpire, as the pitcher is about ready: "Hey! Hold on a minute. Say there, somebody dust off the plate a little."

And then it all begins again.

Walter G. Doty.

IT is an excellent thing to be able to sing well, and the next best thing is to know that you can't.



DISCIPLINE.

HE.—Do you think the family will consent?

THE POLITICIAN'S DAUGHTER.—

Well, they are n't instructed as yet, but they are bound by the unit rule, and you've got ma on your side, and what she says goes!

Rialto Roundelays.



THE FIRST-NIGHTER.

PIPE the critics in every row;
Say, but they are a grouchy crew!
Won't they pickle the author, though!
Roast the piece and the actors too!
Still, that's just what they're paid to do,
So they hand out the roasts, you bet,
Say, but I eat that stuff, don't you?
This is the Worst they've put on yet!

The leading man is an awful Joe
(Some people like him, but—oh, pooh, pooh!)
He ought to be in a cheap hick show
Out in Fargo or Kalamazoo.
Take a peek at the Ingenue
(Sixty, at least, if I don't forget)
And the leading lady—Mong Doo! Mong Doo!
This is the Worst they've put on yet!

Take it from me, it'll never go
(You can see the Angel is looking blue).
He—what? You mean that you didn't know
That little scandal?—why sure, it's true.
Ah—now the ushers have got their cue,
They'll see to the encore, never fret,
That scene was rotten, through and through,—
This is the WORST they've put on yet!

ENVOI.

Well, it got the crowd, but I hold my view,
No matter how much the play may net;
Of shows and actors I've seen a few,
And this is the Worst they've put on yet!

Berton Braley.

THEY'RE ALL DOING IT.

NEW CONGRESSMAN.—What can I do for you, sir?

SALESMAN (of Statesmen's Anecdote Manufacturing Company).—I shall be delighted if you'll place an order for a dozen of real, live, snappy, humorous anecdotes as told by yourself, sir.

THE UNIQUE VILLAIN.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Young Man of the most Scoundrelly Tendencies but of an original Turn of Mind. He was determined to Live at the Expense of the Public, but considered Highway Robbery too old-fashioned and dangerous, and realized that he had not sufficient Wind to become a Reformer or enough Money to secure his Election to the Senate.

Therefore, after giving Thought to the Matter, he published a Card in the Newspapers announcing his Conviction that the World owed him a Living and his Intention of collecting the same in the following Wise: Unless his Fellow-citizens paid him a certain Stipend at stated Intervals he would let his Hair grow long, and become a Poet. He would not write about Commonalities, that People could understand, like Flowers and Spring and Maidens dying on marble Doorsteps, and Things of that Sort that Everybody enjoys, but on abstruse Subjects, and in such a Way that neither he nor Anybody else could determine what he was driving at. He declared that he would not only have his Stuff published in the best Magazines, but he would Buttonhole his Acquaintances and repeat it to them; and also appear at Evenings and Recitals and give the Women a Chance to Rave and Lallygag over him. Or, if the Community preferred not to prolong the Agony, he would accept his Dues in a Lump Sum and get out of Town as soon as they Pungled Up. It is needless to Add that the Scheme worked most successfully, and Our Hero was amply repaid for his Originality, and is still having his Fare from Town to Town donated by those who prefer Peace to his Presence.

Moral: From this we should Learn that almost any Nuisance could, if he but realized it, make a good Living by getting paid to Quit.

Tom P. Morgan.

A MARTYR FOR OTHERS.

PLODDER is looking pale; he's just killing himself with hard work."
"What's he engaged at?"
"Inventing a labor-saving machine."



THE ETERNAL QUESTION.

CHRONIC MAGAZINE FRIEND (looking at pile just received).—I wonder now: In which one is that nice continued story that I started last month?

Fire worship is supposed to be extinct, yet many a modern man's whole religion consists in a belief in hell.



IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

SIR GUY LE GLUTTON.—Ho-ho-ho! These scientific food menus in the women's papers make me laugh. Look at this: "For breakfast, ten capons, three roast boars, two dozen partridges, eight haunches of venison, and four casks of mead." Imagine a healthy man with an appetite sitting down to a bite like that!

A PUZZLE.

IN men, 't is Man we plainly see
A type that's half divine, half human.
Yet, why should women always be
So very different from Woman?

WHEN SHE COMES INTO HER OWN.

FAIR PLEADER.—Finally, I submit, your Honor, that there is an unassailable reason why my client should not receive the only sentence dictated by the evidence. You have but to cast your eye upon my client to see that one of her—er—ah—full figure would be unspeakably humiliated by being forced to wear prison stripes!

HER HONOR.—Ha!—'T is true! Prisoner discharged!

HELPING EDUCATION ALONG.

THERE is an interesting press dispatch going the rounds to this effect: "A victory or a defeat for a college athletic team means a corresponding increase or decrease in the registration the subsequent year. In the year following a Yale football victory there has always been a decrease in the enrollment at Harvard of freshmen from public schools." This is in direct contradiction to the utterances of President Eliot, who used to show to his own satisfaction that athletics had no appreciable effect on student attendance at Harvard.

It looks as though President Eliot spoke rather what he wished to be so than what was so. And why should the recent statement not be true? No parent with a genuine appreciation of the tender sentiments of youth would force his son to go to a college which, as to athletics, was a "dead one."

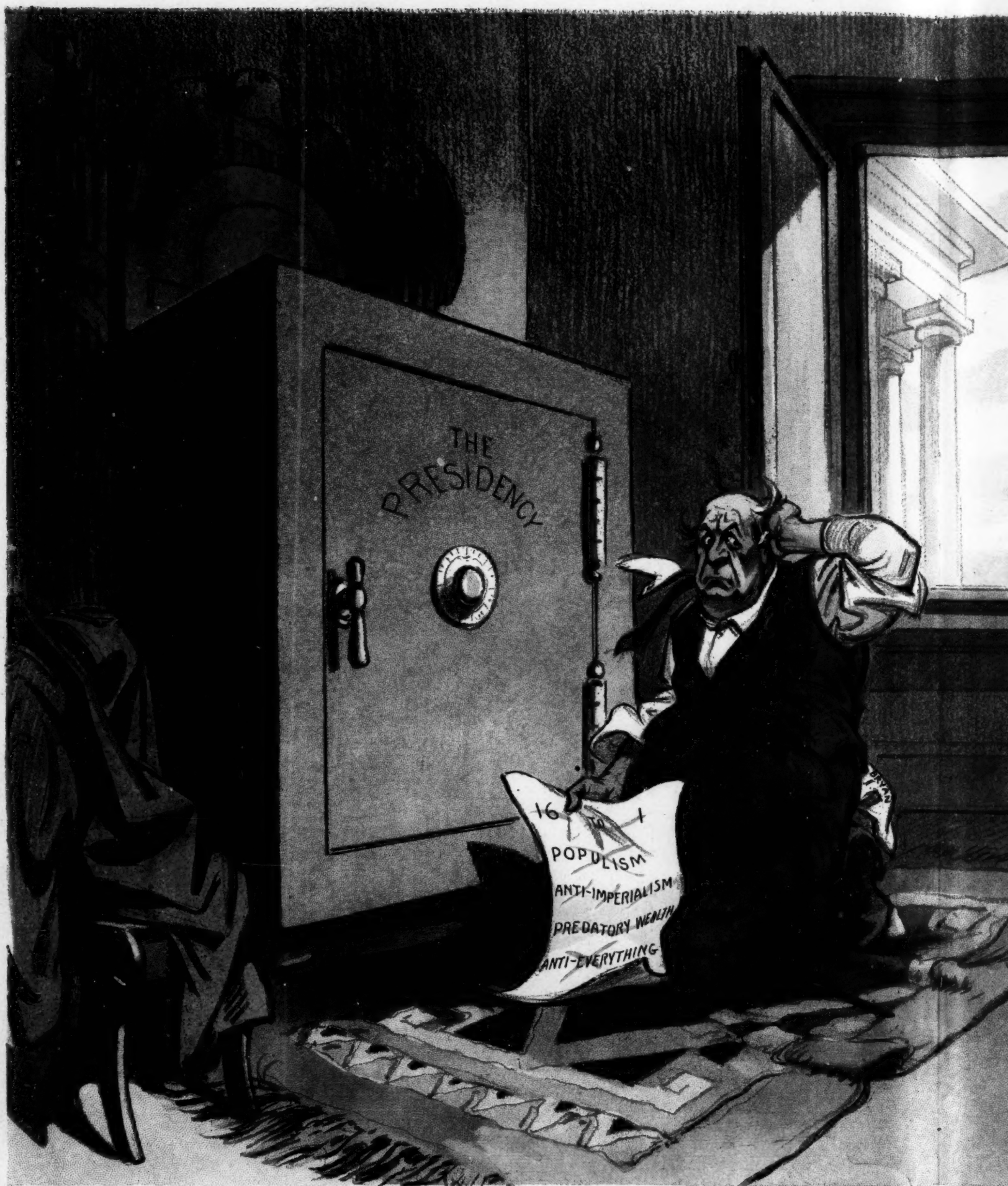
Scholarship is all very well, but scholarship won't keep an American college afloat without the assistance of something more alluring. Once every year or so Harvard and Yale have a debate. Ever hear of it? Sometimes, when news is scarce, the newspapers print one hundred and fifty words about it. Aside from athletics the only real prominence Harvard has had in the public prints in the last half century was on these occasions: The painting of the John Harvard statue; the death of William James; the discovery that the young son of Boris Sidis could talk eighteen defunct languages and juggle the fourth dimension with one hand.

Yes; it is a thing implicitly to be believed—that a Yale football victory puts a quietus on the enthusiasm of high-school boys for Harvard. A baseball victory for Yale further reduces the Harvard scholastic enrollment.

Hockey, baseball, tennis, lacrosse, putting the 16-lb. shot, running a mile—it is highly necessary for a college to hold records in these. They boost the declining educational side a whole lot.



A DELINQUENT CHAPERON.



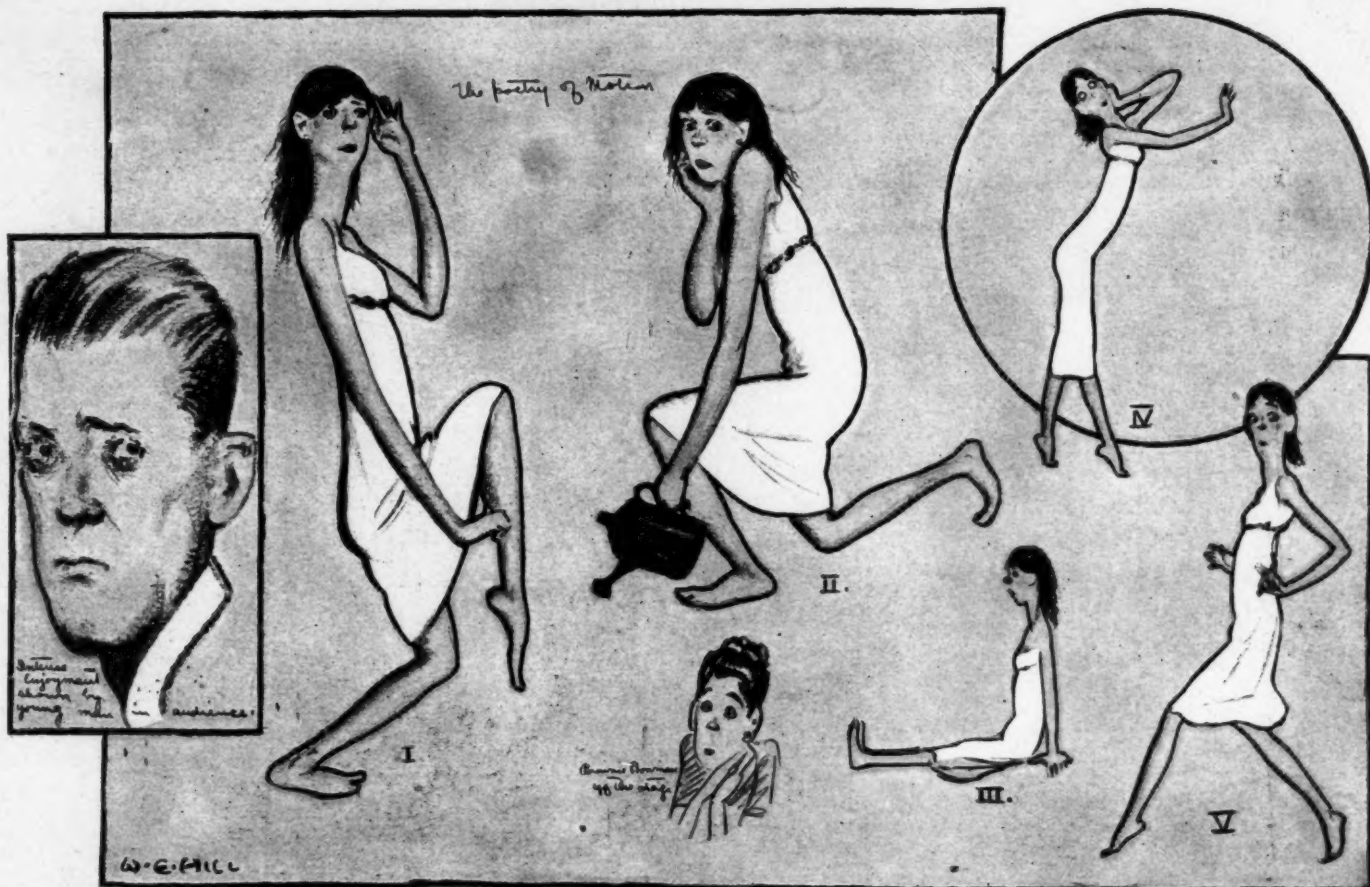
THE PUCK PRESS

THE COMBINATION
THE PEERLESS ONE.—I can't open it, G



COMBINATION.
I can't open it, Gentlemen. . You try.

Classic Dancing Made Simple.



A CLASSIC dancer, to be really classic as an interpreter of Liszt and Chopin, must have all the movements of an expert skater, a swimmer, a high-diver, and an epileptic. Almost anyone can do it. All you need is a nightie or a union suit, a nice white sheet for a backdrop, a theatre, an audience, and unbounded nerve. If you dance barefoot, so much the better. There's always a chance that the dancer may step on something, and this element of danger lends a certain fascination to the act. For the benefit of those among the low-brows who do not understand the real artistic element in a classic dance, we will give a little talk on classic dancing, illustrated from poses by the celebrated Russian dancer, Miss Brownie Bowman, for many years the idol of Paris, Vienna, and Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and

who comes from one of the oldest families on West 39th St. Miss Bowman interprets Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" in a truly artistic manner. The dance describes the anguish of a young girl in the Subway who, in a moment of forgetfulness, takes a Lenox local instead of a Broadway express, and realizes her mistake when it is too late. Note the abject terror in the pose. This is very tragic, and only a true artist should attempt it. The final movement of the "Spring Song" dance has the love element as a foundation. You will have to be very cultured to appreciate how wonderfully and classically beautiful it is. In it we have a nymph who has been out shopping being chased by something and hoping that it will finally catch her. Curtain.

W. E. Hill.



WHEN a low-priced stock of the cat-and-dog variety gets active and starts to go up, the anvil chorus can be relied upon to get out their hammers and set merrily to work. That always happens during the early stages. Then, if the move survives and the price of the shares keeps on going up, one by one the hammers are laid aside and the erstwhile knockers begin to find that the stock is really a very good stock indeed, and that the property has great "intrinsic value."

Three years ago, when Hocking Coal was starting its memorable move, what the dope-writers love to call the "consensus" was that the stock was no good. Then, when it had crossed thirty and showed no signs of letting up, they found that it was really quite a property—had oil wells on it and all sorts of things. In the latter stages of the rise the company's barren clay fields took on a sort of Elysian aspect—at least from a commercial point of view. Oil simply bubbled out of the ground. Natural gas was there in unlimited quantities, and just in the right place to run the finest brick plant in the world. There was no end to the money the company was going to make. No stock-market gambler about a proposition like that. A legitimate commercial enterprise if ever there was one.

Then, in a couple of days, when the stock dropped

from ninety to nothing, a most wonderful thing happened. The natural gas stopped flowing. The oil wells all dried up. The brick plant turned out to be something that could not turn out anything.

American Can is the latest one. We are safely past the preliminaries now and in the stage where the "intrinsic merit" stuff is being handed out in great chunks. Can will probably go up some more, and then, after a while—

After a while somebody will probably make the unkind remark that it was not fit to tie to a dog's tail, anyway.

BE a bond man. Stick around somewhere in the Street until you know the names of the more active issues and the meaning of a few terms like "and interest" and "seller 20." Then run an ad. in the *Wall Street Journal* stating that a young man of excellent connections will take charge of bond department of Stock-Exchange house. Make good your bluff with an immaculate appearance, plenty of glib talk about the market for this and that issue of "firsts" or "generals," and work in a stray allusion or two about what you understand they're doing over at the Corner House. If you're not a regularly established bond man inside of a few months—a hundred a week, at least, 30 every afternoon, and all the rest of it—it shows that you can't get away with what is really the easiest thing in the world. Everybody's doing it.

A COUPLE of years ago the "gold-depreciation" theory was quite the thing in Wall Street. If you asked what was the matter with the market, you were told there was too much gold being produced—that the excessive supplies of gold were operating to raise the price of commodities and to hurt the price of securities. The part about the excessive supply of money lying around did not look quite right, but you took it for granted that your broker knew, and let it go at that. Probably you did not care much about it one way or the other.

Two years is too long for any fad to last, especially in Wall Street, and nobody talks about the harm the excessive supply of gold is doing these days. The very latest wrinkle, indeed, is the theory that all our ills financial come from the fact that the supply of money is not sufficient—that there is not enough to go around.

Amen to that.

"TOUGH about Jones, is not it—having to sell his house and everything? Well, he ought to have known enough to keep out of Wall Street—you can't beat that game. Have I seen Smith's new car? Yes, and it's a wonder. Tells me that he bought it out of what he made on that last jump in Union. Says, by the way, that the move is not half over. I've been thinking of taking a chance on it myself. Don't you think it's a buy at these prices?"

OVERHEARD in the Broad-Exchange Building pay-station:

"Hello! Is this Blank & Co. of the Consolidated? Well, I've got a hundred shares of Jim Butler Mining that I want you to sell for me. The stock is no good, but I understand it has a very active market. Get a quotation, will you? I'll hold the wire."

A MINUTE LATER.

"What's that quotation—71 bid and 73 asked? All right. Sell my hundred at 71."

TWO MINUTES LATER.

"Well? Well? You could not get 71 for it? You say 70 is the last bid? All right; let it go at 70, then."

ANOTHER TWO MINUTES.

"What's that? You say you haven't sold it? Stock now quoted at 65 to 70? Say, look here! I'm trying to sell this stock—I'm not trying to give it away! Is that the way you do business on the Consolidated? Between one of you people and a stock like this where do I get off?" Franklin.

PUCK

HE AND SHE.



HE young man stepped hastily from his automobile and, giving hurried instructions to the chauffeur, strode rapidly away.

Nearing the new forty-story building in which he had offices, he came unexpectedly face to face with a young woman in modish attire. He did not know her and thought for a moment he would like to.

But her line of conduct changed his desire to one of intense uncertainty.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, dropping her fur muff, so that he was forced to recover it for her, in common decency.

Her eyes glued themselves upon him in gratitude.

"Don't mention it," said the young man, perfunctorily.

"But I want to mention it!" she cried, staying him with a touch upon his arm.

"I must go to my work—I am busy with a new picture."

"But you forget—"

"Forget?" His tone questioned her with sudden intensity.

"Yes—you are the man I saw in the crystal ball." She was not joking, for the colors were chasing themselves across her alabaster cheek in rich array. "Besides—"

"You must excuse me!" He looked at his watch.

"Besides, you know—"

"Yes?" For the life of him he could not resist encouraging her under the spell of her violet eyes.

"You know"—she lowered her furiously-blushing cheeks a little—"you know it is 1912."

The young man closed his watch abruptly, restored it to his vest-pocket, and looked anxiously up the crowded thoroughfare.

"I had forgotten," he murmured, the rich color also suffusing his own countenance. "But I must say good-by!"

He broke from her futile hold and sprang rapidly into the passing throng.

A low gasp escaped from the woman's lips. Momentarily he had eluded her; she could not give pursuit, for she was in a hobble-skirt.

But she would not brook defeat. Hailing a passing taxicab, she instructed the driver to give chase.

Up and down the busy streets, in and



THE ARISTOCRACY.

"Did her ancestors fight in the Revolution?"

"Oh, dear, no! Nothing so vulgar as that. Her ancestors stayed home and lent money to the Government at high rates of interest."



WHOSE HAT?

around the gigantic structures which lined the modern city blocks, the pursuit continued.

The young man, clutched by a horrid fear that he had never before experienced, dashed wildly to and fro, but always he caught glimpses of the taxi following, with a strained feminine face peeping from it. To make matters worse, there was a little voice sounding somewhere in the depths of his being, which kept repeating: "She's a peach! She's a peach!" That was the worst of it—he almost wanted to be caught!

Hunger seized him, and he stopped in a *café* for coffee and rolls. The girl in the taxi did likewise.

He passed her on his way out, and her eyes again held him.

"Not yet!" he cried, rushing fiercely away from her fascinating presence.

Spectators in the place were horrified to see the young woman give a gulp to her hot cup of coffee and follow him.

Again the young man ran wildly to and fro, to and fro, to and fro. He could have dropped into a manhole or taken the elevator in one of the surrounding lofts, but he knew this would make pursuit impossible. He was weakening rapidly.

At the end of half-an-hour he sank down upon a bench in the park. The girl sprang from her auto and followed.

"Now!" she cried. "Now you are mine!"

"Stung!" said the young man, rapturously embracing her in his fervent clasp.

Then they both laughed and said how ridiculous it had all been. They were the hero and heroine of the new crop of magazine Leap-Year tales.

Robert C. McElravy.

CONSIDERATE.

HEWITT.—Gruet is a good-hearted fellow.
JEWETT.—Right you are. He would n't set the world on fire unless he knew that it was insured.

The uses of adversity may be sweet enough, but the abuses resulting therefrom are what make us sour.



We are making and
selling a

MACHINE A MINUTE

Often more
NEVER less

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

SLIPPED A COG.

"Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?" asked the student of astronomy.

"No," replied the old professor, whose mind had slipped a cog and transported him into mythological fields, "not if the pictures of her are authentic!"
—*Chicago News*.



ARTIST (just finishing his latest commission).—I say, old chap, does it want anything?

THE FRIEND.—I should say a palm-tree and a few cocoanuts would n't be out of place!—*London Opinion*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ANSWERING A QUESTION.

A scientific lecturer, at the conclusion of a lecture of the most abstruse description, took a sip of water and said:

"Question time. If anyone now has any question of a scientific nature to ask, I shall be glad to answer it to the best of my ability."

An old lady in a plaid shawl rose and said:

"Will you please tell me why it is, sir, that wet tea-leaves kill roaches?"

The lecturer knew no more than Adam why wet tea-leaves killed roaches, but, not to be nonplussed, he answered glibly:

"When a roach, madam, sees a wet tea-leaf he exclaims 'Hullo, here's a blanket!' and then wraps himself up in it, falls asleep, and naturally catches a severe cold, which, developing into pneumonia, in a few days kills the unfortunate insect."—*Washington Star*.

A NOVICE.

DAUGHTER.—But, mother, I don't see how you can give me any advice as to my married life when you have only been married once, and I have already been married three times.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

TWO GUILTY.

"Thomas," said mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger-cake out of the pantry."

Tommy blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Thomas," she exclaimed, "I did n't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all," replied Tommy, "part of it's in Elsie."—*National Monthly*.

SEASICKNESS— TRAINSICKNESS PREVENTED—STOPPED



Mothersill's Seasick Remedy Insures a Pleasant Journey.

Mothersill's, after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by nearly all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south and many Trans-Atlantic lines.

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Much interesting and valuable information is contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free, upon request.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50c. box is sufficient for twenty-four hours, \$1.00 box for a Trans-Atlantic voyage. Almost all druggists sell it, or you can obtain it direct, postpaid, from MOTHERSILL REMEDY COMPANY, 365 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Michigan; also New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg, and at 19 St. Bride St., London.

A PRIZE.

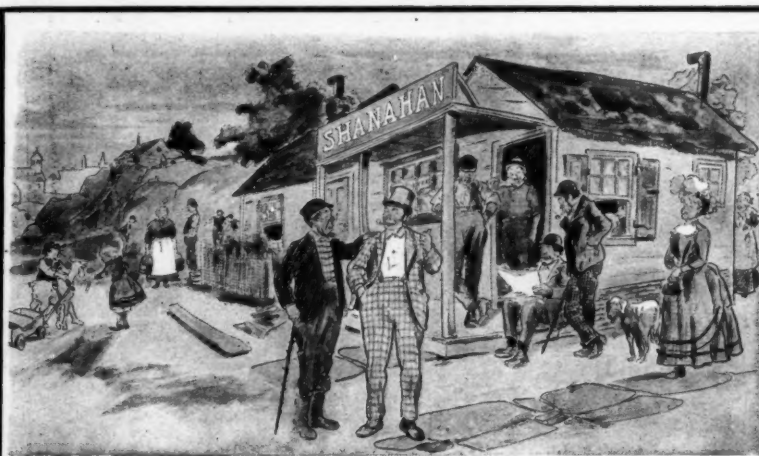
It was after the distribution of prizes at Sunday-school.

"Well, did you get a prize?" asked Johnny's mother.

"No," answered Johnny, "but I got horrible mention."—*Life and Labor*.

WHEN YOUR FEET ACHE

From Corns, Bunions, Sore or Callous Spots, Blisters, New or tight shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, will give instant relief. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE sample address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.



Shanahan's Old Shebeen;
or,

"THE MORNIN'S MORNIN'."

By Gerald Brennan.

IN response to the many requests from our readers for copies of this famous poem, which appeared in PUCK several years ago, we have issued it as a Booklet, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

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You can pay more for a champagne than

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne

You can't buy a better. Every penny you pay for Cook's buys quality—the extra cost of imported wines pays the duty and ocean freight; that's what makes the difference. 13



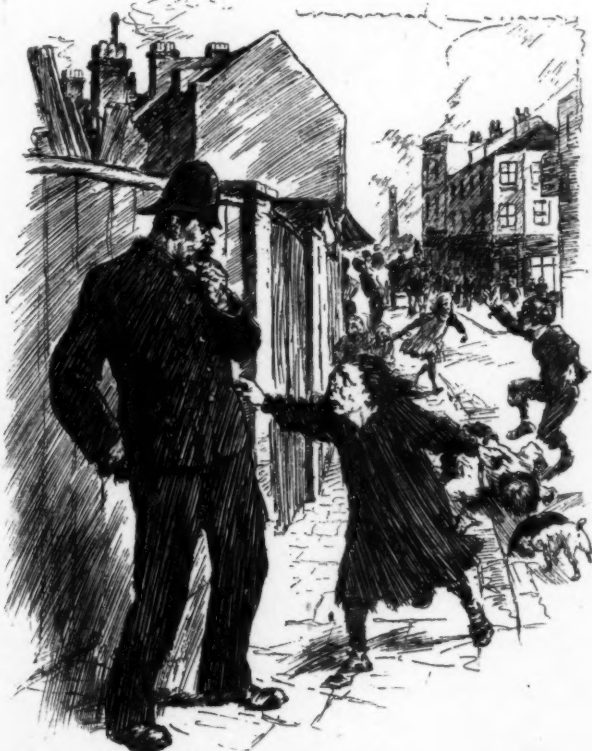
American Wine Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

LITTLE BOBBY.—Say, Willie, is ma lookin'?

LITTLE WILLIE.—No. What y' goin' t' do?

LITTLE BOBBY.—Take out de goldfish an' let 'em play with the cat.—*Monitor.*

THE MISSING HEIR.



SISSIE.—Oh, Mr. Pleeceman, have yer got a ferrit? Me little brother's gone an' crawled up the drain!—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE TRUSTFUL AVIATOR.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell of England was talking to a Philadelphia reporter about politics.

"Modern politics," he said, "is worse than modern business. You, here in the States, are so used to political corruption that you joke about it.

"I heard a joke about it on the boat. An aviator—the joke ran—descended in a field and said to a rather well-dressed individual:

"Here, mind my machine a minute, will you?"

"What?" the well-dressed individual snarled. "Me mind your machine? Why, I'm a United States Senator!"

"Well, what of it?" said the aviator. "I'll trust you."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

ANTIQUATED DEVICE.

THE FIRST BURGLAR.—(*contemplating father's invention*).—Wot abaht the bloomin' burglar-alarm?

SECOND BURGLAR.—May as well put it in the bag; we can get somethin' for the bells, p'raps.—*London Sketch.*

WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in Successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

THE current popular songs indicate that if ragtime is really dying out, as was announced some time ago, it is dying a horrible death.—*Detroit News.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, New York.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

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both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermière de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Bâtier & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



LEGISLATIVE ETHICS.

A certain saloon-keeper years ago was elected to the Legislature of a Southern State at a time when there was important legislation pending. He accepted a thousand dollars for his vote on a certain measure. The deal was hardly closed when the opposition came round offering him two thousand. Temptation was strong, but the new member shook his head.

"No gentleman as is a gentleman," he said, "will sell out twicet on wan proposition!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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THE FOREMOST AND MOST WIDELY QUOTED
HUMOROUS WEEKLY

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HIGH LIFE

The Champagne
of Bottled Beer

BEER

BREWED BY MILLER AT MILWAUKEE



DURING the last city election in New York a bunch of trained repeaters marched into an East Side polling-place.

"What name?" inquired the election-clerk of the leader, who was red-haired and freckled, and had a black eye. The voter glanced down at a slip of paper in his hand.

"Isidore Mendelheim," he said.

"That's not your real name, and you know it!" said a suspicious challenger for the reform ticket.

"It is me name," said the repeater, "and I'm goin' to vote under it—see?"

From down the line came a voice:

"Don't you let that guy bluff you, Casey. Soitiny your name is Mendelheim!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

RAG DOLLS

Beautifully Colored on Cloth



These toys are on specially prepared cloth, the colors being absolutely fast so that baby can kiss and love them with perfect safety.

DOLL, LIFE SIZE.....50c.
(Baby's clothes will fit)
DOLL, 20 in. high.....25c.
BABY DOLL, 7 in.....10c.
FOXY GRANDPA, 20 in.....25c.
TABBY CAT, and 2 kits.....25c.
DUCK, and 2 ducklings.....25c.
NOISELESS Ten Pins.....40c.
JUMBO Elephant, 35 in.....50c.
BABY'S BIG BALL.....25c.

In sending silver or bills, wrap in paper before putting in envelope.

Every Child Loves a Rag Doll Most.

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295 Lafayette St., New York

A FAMOUS criminal lawyer had won a shockingly bad case by eloquence and trickery, and a rival lawyer said to him bitterly: "Is there any case so low, so foul, so vilely crooked and shameful, that you'd refuse it?"

"Well, I don't know," the other answered with a smile. "What have you been doing now?"—*The Argonaut.*

RHEUMATISM

PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY
THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS

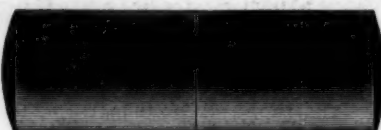
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DRUGGISTS.
OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



TWO CONSERVATIONISTS.

"Nothing lost here but the squeal," declared the pork-packer. "Are you as economical in conducting your business?"

"Just about," answered the visitor. "I'm in the lumber business. We waste nothing but the bark."—*Washington Herald.*



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In this light-weight, nickel-plated, waterproof Match Box

which we will send, together with a copy of this month's *National Sportsman*, on receipt of 25c. in stamps or coin.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN,
78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

"WAIT a moment," said the budding novelist. "I'll show you the proofs of my novel."

But the other hastened away. "No, no," he said. "I don't need proofs. Your word is enough."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

FAMILIAR NOISE.

WIFE (*dining at restaurant*).—John, dear, can you see what those people at the next table are eating?

HUSBAND.—Can't see at all, but it sounds like celery.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"We can stop off at Milan for an hour."

"Can't see much in an hour."

"I only want to get a local label pasted on my trunk."—*Courier-Journal.*

CHALLENGE

Brand WATERPROOF

COLLARS & CUFFS

YOU CAN'T TELL THEM FROM LINEN
SAME DULL FINISH SAME PERFECT FIT
SAME CORRECT STYLE SAME LINEN TEXTURE

All dealers, Collars, Cuffs, Stays, Suits, Hats, Shoes, etc.
The Arlington Company
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A GOOD SHOT!



MASTER GREGOR MCPHERSON.—Vot dey do, Vader?

MR. GREGOR MCPHERSON.—Dey do de gollof—a gind of cricket!

—*The Sketch.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

"WHAT happened to that ticket you organized as a split from your party?"

"That ticket?" echoed the restless politician. "Oh, it got punched."—*Washington Star.*

REDD.—Was your trip across the ocean so very expensive?

GREENE.—Oh, yes; I could n't even keep that down.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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CLEON AND I.

Cleon hath four limousines,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon flits to foreign scenes,
Here at home stay I.
Cleon lives where servants hurry
And the walls are high;
Cleon oft has cause to worry,
So, alas! have I.
Twenty suits of clothes has he,
Only one have I;
He makes money easily,
By hard working I;
In his glass the old wine bubbles;
Cleon likes it "dry;"
Cleon frequently has troubles,
Ah, well, so do I.
Cleon is a millionaire,
I work, wet or dry;
Cleon's losing all his hair,
Little hair have I.
Cleon oft has indigestion,
So, indeed, have I.
What's the difference? you question.
This is my reply:
Cleon's daughter has eloped
And his son flies high;
Hopes that Cleon fondly hoped
Have been doomed to die;
Cleon sits alone at night,
In his breast a sigh.
My kids stay at home and fight—
Six of them have I!
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Who will be the next President ?



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Walk, — You, Walk!

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STEADY HABITS.

"We had a fine sunrise this morning," said one New Yorker to another.
"Did you see it?"
"Sunrise?" said the second man.
"Why, I'm always in bed before sunrise." — New York Ledger.

Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 285 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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"SEE AMERICA FIRST."

BOATING ON LAKE MACDONALD.

A LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL.



"Dis yere bein' leap-y'ar, Mister Simkins, Ah's somethin very 'portant ter confide ter yo'."



"Ah 'll hab ter git close an' whisper— Fo' de lan' sakes! Whassa matter?"



"Flirt away, yo' low-down ol' hipperportimus, yo' don't whisper no mo' leap-y'ar secrets ter *dis* coon."